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Snow in April.

ST. JOHN O SULLIVAN, 1900.

THE fields in slumber 'neath their snowy sheet
But little dream the sun has crept so high;
And dreaming less their caller, Spring, is nigh,
Recline forgetful still her steps to greet.
In what near meadow lags with tardy feet

The coming Spring? Perchance she loiters by
Some trifling stream to peep where pebbles lie
That blaze when they her sunbeam glances meet.

Where any pretty trifle haply falls
Beneath the fickle searching of her eyes,
She lingers by, that happy spot to bless.
But sweet the breath of Spring where first she calls
With life-touched lips to bid the sleeper rise
From winter dreams to drowsy wakefulness.

Byron's "Ocean."—A Criticism.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.



HEN we read a criticism that came from the pen of John Henry Newman or Matthew Arnold, we immediately perceive the mighty intellect, the penetrating wedge of reason, forcing its way into the very centre of the author's heart and soul. If the latter's work is clever, or deep and meditative, as the subject may demand, our critic sees the lustre of the true métal, and he gives the writer due credit for his production. If, on the contrary, the author has had resort to weak, artificial devices for the sake of effect, if he has sought refuge in a dark background with the intention of deceiving his readers, the

critic comes forward again and pronounces sentence of condemnation. He is too subtle to be caught by the writer's snares; his mind is too agile to be taken unawares and blinded by the glitter of a false diamond.

Alas! the scene has changed, and the men of Newman's or Arnold's type are quickly disappearing. The critics of these later days do not possess the keen, penetrating judgment that rescued their predecessors from the literary snares of inferior, and sometimes superior, writers. Nowadays every reader must be his own critic; he must have at his command a number of sound principles, which may serve as a faithful lens under whose bright rays he may examine each poem or essay that he is pleased to read. He must be his own reliable, unerring judge.

This is precisely the task that I have proposed to myself in passing criticism on Byron's impassioned apostrophe to the "deep and dark blue ocean." I think that this so-called poem—or selection from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage"—is more rhetorical than poetical. Now and then the lustre of the true metal catches the eye; but the ore is predominant. The subject of the poem—the thought—is beautiful; concrete imagery is present in every line, and strong emotion is nowhere wanting. What, then, does this imaginative outburst of rhythmical language lack to make it poetry?

First of all, it does not possess that delicate, concise, *subdued* tone which is essentially requisite for genuine poetry. It contains too much rhetoric, and is therefore wanting in the simple, low-toned quality that is as essential for a good poem as for a perfect picture. Why do we feel that Wordsworth's "Lucy" and "The Violet" of Scott, are real poetry? Because their expression is more impersonal than the expression contained in the "Ocean," and there is something that appeals to us more objec-

tively, something more universal than we find in Byron's impassioned apostrophe. Simplicity and conciseness belong to the very essence of true poetry. How sublime and yet how simple these beautiful verses:

"A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!—
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The second great fault of Byron's "Ocean" lies in the poet's "opening, illustrating and heightening one idea before he passes on to another." The poet should not hammer on one idea too long; his work should not be the result of oratorical amplification. It should be suggestive rather than explanatory. This latter task is the duty of the orator whose principal aim is to clothe the same idea with many garbs, and by skilful repetition make his discussion clear and convincing. Such was the teaching of the great Roman orator, Cicero: "Sic dicet ille ut verset s̄æpe multis modis eandem et unam rem, ut hæreat in eadem commoreturque sententia."

Byron's eloquent apostrophe to the "deep and dark blue ocean," may be harmonious and pleasing to the popular ear, but it never was, nor will it ever be, genuine poetry. It is certainly impassioned and rhetorical, and it reveals some of those tingling impulses that make Shelley's poetry at times fantastic and unsubstantial, still it is wanting in the simplicity, the suggestive element, which is an essential requisite for all art—poetry in particular.

No less an authority on poetic composition than Cardinal Newman has left us this criticism on Byron's "Childe Harold,"—the criticism has a special application for the "Ocean":

"His composition is an extended funeral sermon over buried joys and pleasures. His laments over Rome, Greece and the fallen in various engagements, have quite the character of panegyrical orations; while by the very attempt to describe the celebrated buildings and sculptures of antiquity, he seems to confess that *they* are the poetical text, *his* the rhetorical comment. Still it is a work of splendid talent, though, as a whole, not of the highest poetical excellence."

The author of "Lead, Kindly Light," seldom mistook the shadow for the substance or the artificial for the real: he knew the ring of the true metal when he heard it. Byron often wandered from the Muse's quiet abode into the fields of oratory, and he always returned home less a poet.

A Sailor's Knot.

MARTIN O'SHAUGHNESSY.

"Old Andy," Trapper John's partner, was killed last night, boys," said the postmaster at Sumpter, as he hurried into the grocery store to spread the news. "And there's been foul play somewhere, 'cause no man can't tie his own hands behind his back and then hang himself, can he?"

"Course not," drawled the grocery man. "Was that the way Old Andy was killed?"

"That's what Dempsey just told me. He said the coroner's already gone out to the cabin."

"Where was he strung up?" asked one of the group that sat about the store.

"On that old tree in front of Trapper John's cabin," answered the postmaster as he hurriedly left the store so that he might be the first to tell some one else the news.

While the group in the store were talking about the good traits of the dead sailor, a crowd of men had gathered about John's cabin. The corpse had been taken from the tree, and the inquest was being held in the cabin. The jury agreed that Old Andy had been murdered.

Trapper John had not been seen since early in the morning, and the crowd that stood about the cabin were convinced by his disappearance that he was the murderer. A mob was quickly formed to capture and lynch him, but when the angry crowd started toward the town, Dempsey, the sheriff, stopped them.

"You're too late, boys," he said, "I've got John down at the jail, and when you try to get him you'll pay dearly for your fun. The law will settle this matter, so you had just as well go home."

Trapper John's trial caused a great sensation, and each day the court-room was crowded. The state had taken every man as a witness that saw the body suspended, or the rope dangling from the limb of the tree.

Each day Trapper John grew more pale and nervous. And his piercing grey eyes were always upon the jury. Each day despair could be read more easily in his face, for he knew that the jury would give a verdict against him.

The third day of the trial John was put on the witness stand. He was nervous when he sat down before the jury, for he knew well the value of his evidence.

"Tell the jury what you know of this matter," said his attorney when he took the witness stand.

"I did not hang him," said John. And his words were so clearly spoken that the nodding jurymen, quickly shook off their drowsy feelings. "That mornin' when I woke up he was sittin' on his bed dressin'. I did not talk much to him, for he was not in a good humor, because our catch the day before was small—we got only one hundred pounds of fish and the price we got for them was low.

"I left him sittin' on his bed, and I went into the kitchen to get breakfast. When I had the fire started and was cleanin' some fish to cook he came through the kitchen and went out into the yard. I went ahead with my work, 'cause I always done the cookin', and when breakfast was ready I went out to call him. As I opened the door I saw him under the tree and I called to him to come to breakfast. He did not answer me, but just stayed there, so I said, as I went into the house, 'You don't need to eat then, you fool,—sulkin' ain't goin' to help you.'

"After I finished my breakfast I went out to see what ailed him. When I got close to him I saw the rope around his neck, and I knew the damned fool had hung himself. I did not touch him, but I ran over to Wat Turner's house and told him what had happened, and he struck out for the coroner. I had not much more than got back and cleaned up the cabin when the sheriff came and took me to jail."

With Trapper John the evidence ended, and the lawyers delivered their arguments. The jury received their final instructions and were led off to the jury room.

The hum of conversation that started as soon as the jury began to leave the room was soon checked by their reappearance.

The foreman of the jury handed a slip of paper to the clerk, when he came from the room.

"We the jury find the defendant, John Wolf, not guilty," read the clerk in a loud voice.

The sound of voices that so few minutes before was only a low murmur became an uproar. And before the sheriff could defend Trapper John the mob had seized him. He was quickly taken out of the court-room and lynched on a tree in the courtyard.

"He has paid his debt," said a swaggering farmer, who had helped to lynch him. "Tell the sheriff to cut him down."

"The verdict was the right one," said one of the jurymen who had watched the mob lynch the prisoner. "Old Andy hung himself."

"But the knot, man—how could Old Andy tie his own hands?" several asked at once.

"This way: you know Andy was a sailor once," he said as he took a small piece of rope from his pocket, and with a reverse quick twist tied his hands securely behind his back.

Trapper John's corpse was buried with much solemnity; but no one answered for his death.

The Universality of Contrast.

EUGENE T. AHERN, 1901.

There is something wonderfully impressive in the contrasts that are everywhere to be found, not only in all forms of nature but in the various products of human brain and hands.

Along the banks of the Nile, near the haunts of the hideous crocodile, beautiful flowers breathe forth fragrance. In the dense Brazilian forests, where the leopard and the boa-constrictor abound, may be seen birds of rarest plumage; and mingled with the hissing of serpents may be heard the music of sweet-throated songsters. Amid the vast wastes of the Sahara there are oases with limpid springs and refreshing verdure; while through the edge of the Alpine glacier the fragile "Soldanella" emerges, with its slender, quivering stem and its delicate petals ready to expand to the sun, an almost miraculous contrast to the chill of death all around. In the ocean's depths the whale and the coral alike find a home; and gems of "purest ray serene" lie buried in the ooze of ages. Within sound of Niagara's giant thunder little brooks babble gleefully on their way to meet and mingle somewhere, sometime, with the waters of the mighty cataract.

The tourist on Pike's Peak, looking down through a driving snow-storm sees in the valley beyond, the farmer gathering his golden sheaves in the mellowing harvest sunlight. The astronomer directs his all-conquering lens heavenward; and beholds a star moving in an orbit hundreds of millions of miles in diameter, and the star is so far away that the astronomical unit (93,000,000 miles) is too small a measure with which to compute the distance; and while the astronomer is making his calculation a tiny dew-drop is gathering on a blade of grass in obedience to the same law that keeps the star in its place.

In the field of human action the contrasts are not less marked. The wisdom of the sage is followed by the cackle of the clown; the sincere words of the real statesman, by the empty sentences of the office-seeking charlatan. Yesterday the powers of the old world trembled before the misdirected genius of the "man of destiny," and thrones rocked to their foundations at the passing of his conquering legions; to-morrow the exiled Corsican breathes out his lonely spirit on the billow-dashed rock of St. Helena; and God is not mocked. Amid the luxuries of the world's gayest city, men in high station deem it a waste of energy even to think of a future existence; while among the pagans in China, the humble missionary cheerfully offers his body to the fires of martyrdom, that his soul may possess the crown of eternal life.

The governments of Europe would fain invite international peace by a general disarmament; but they must first hold a conference to devise means for suppressing anarchy, that their domestic quiet may not be disturbed. Even in America, while learned jurists are pondering the meaning of the constitution in terms of supreme court decisions, educated socialists are discussing, with alarming complacency and from a logical stand-point, the probable sequence of the torch to the injunction.

And so might examples be multiplied until the question presents itself: Are the forces which operate to produce contrasts governed by law? If the definition that "Law is a force containing within itself a reason of a power that is unchangeable" be accepted, then the question must be answered in the negative. For although the power that operates to produce contrasts may be unchangeable, the evidence furnished in the contrasts themselves would appear to justify an opposite view.

There is, however, another way to consider the question: Admitting that contrast implies change, it may not be assumed that the power which produces the change is in itself changeable. This would permit an affirmative answer to the question above. It is evident, however, that the law of contrast—if such it may be called—can not extend beyond the finite. Above this realm is the Infinite, the Eternal; and here is where, as Ruskin puts it, "the 'I am' of the Creator is opposed to the 'I become' of all creatures." Eternal change is eternal nonsense. The changeable is finite, and implies the Infinite, Eternal and Unchangeable.

Peace Paragraphs.

ANDREW J. SAMMON.

The advocates of armed peace claim that the great standing armies of the world are at swords' points, and that at present it would be utterly useless for anyone to propose terms of universal peace. When we consider that dogs of equal size growl for some time before they jump on each other, we might well say this is the appropriate time for such a proposal. In the same breath in which they say the armies are at swords' points, they tell us that great armies do not want fighting; that the object of their existence is to prevent it. Then we ask, in the name of reason, why is the objection raised to the czar's proposal for *partial* disarmament, if large armies are *not* for war? Do we want so expensive ornaments? The czar has only called for a conference; and while the world may gamble on his actions as much as they please, we are not the judges of his intentions.

Those that oppose disarmament weep and mourn over poor mother England; but if the mistress of the seas was obliged to lay aside some of her war vessels, we would not ask her to lose one acre of her colonial territories. True, it might be discouraging to her for the Irish peasant to be watched over by one soldier instead of ten; but while we admit the disadvantage to England, we must acknowledge the *justice* of the treaty in general. By a treaty of universal peace no nation would be asked to lay bare its breast to the spears of the eight hundred million barbarians, as so many assert. Treaties for mutual defence could easily be adopted if the nations met in conference.

The assertion is further made that if we take away the prop the burden falls; that is, our peace is gone. We naturally suppose the prop to be our standing army; but we must remember the burden upheld is not our peace, but another standing army of equal numbers just across the border. This burden we would also take away when we take away the prop; that is included in the terms of the czar's rescript, and then both would remain on equal footing, but with less burden to the tax-payer.

It is claimed that difficulties can not be settled without war; but there are many facts to prove the contrary. At the very time the American people were in the heat of war for the emancipation of slavery, the Empire of

Russia, in an equally difficult task, freed her serfs without war at a cost of five hundred million dollars; while our civil war, besides the loss of life, cost us six billion eight hundred million dollars. In the year 1838, when our savage Indians were being driven by loyal American soldiers from the States of Indiana and Illinois to the west of the Mississippi River, we have the words of the commander himself to the effect that the saintly Father Petit did more to control the savages than the whole regiment could do with arms. The unjust eviction had to be given in charge of this pioneer Christian peace-maker, yet we are told that Christian teaching can never accomplish anything in the direction of peace.

In our outbursts of war loyalty we should remember wiser Americans claim that our success in the revolutionary war was due, perhaps, as much to the hand of Providence that had a destiny marked out for us, as it was to our ability in arms. While we have peace we should consider twice before bringing upon ourselves the curse of large armies. Might it not be the hand of Providence that has guided the intellect of the czar to propose what the world wants?

Widows.

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

Not long ago I heard it remarked that Wallenstein married a widow. This set me thinking on the different great men who married widows. Beginning with modern history, we see that Octavius, surnamed Augustus, married the accomplished widow, Livia, who proved to be an excellent spouse, and was no mean adviser in political matters. The next distinguished man to marry a widow was Mahomet. We may say without exaggeration that were it not for this widow history would read far differently from what it does—no Caliphs of Bagdad, no Crusades, no Lepanto, and, now, no Turk in Europe. Next, Napoleon was infatuated by the charms of Josephine. Many trace the beginning of his Waterloo to her divorce. Anyway, we always expect the wrath of God to follow an evil deed. Our own Washington wooed and wedded a widow, and were his character cast in the same mould as Napoleon's, he may also have divorced her since he had no children. But no; his ambition did not overleap itself, and everyone called him father.

Varsity Verse.

THE BLIND MAN'S BURDEN.

 WHILE wandering down the village street,
A blind old veteran chanced to meet
 A soldier friend, robust and brave,
But who had one foot in the grave.

"My friend," the soldier kindly said,
"Since your distress comes from the head
And my misfortune from a leg,
We both, 'twould seem, are doomed to beg."

"Howe'er; if you'll but carry me,
I'll soon effect that you may see:
For you're sound legs and my good sight
Will cause us both to go aright."

The limping man threw down his pack,
And climbed upon the blind man's back;
Then down the street the "duo" went,
And each one to his joy gave vent.

But man from greed is never free,
Until disaster makes him see
The folly of all earthly joy
That always brings its own alloy.

So our good friends thought "what they'd do?"
And in their mirth the jolly two
Rejoicing at their recent boon,
A visit paid to Schmidt's "Half-moon."

The rider's sight grew slowly dim,
His friend was weak in every limb;
The climax reached—the tottering two
Received a fall they'll ever rue.

The lame man broke his wooden leg,
And now can neither limp nor beg;
The blind man died that very night,
Though ne'er, we fear, regained his sight.

REFRAIN.

Take up the blind man's burden,
Ye lovers of mankind,
And teach the honest toper,
A lesson more refined.
There shall be no expansion;
We're 'gainst it, one and all;
So get a milder toxicant,
Or make the glasses small.

J. J. T.

TOIL.

But we of all things blest
Or curst have little rest.
We toil from want,
And bare our breasts to Heaven's winds
Till every nerve and fibre finds
A short relief beneath a groan,
While we from grief to grief are thrown.
We never fold our busy wings,
We never cease our wanderings.
The nightly sleep that on us lies
But mocks us, just to ope our eyes
To crush our souls, till heavy sighs
Reverse our light to darkness.

P. J. D.

Companions.

FRANK F. DUKETTE.

"O soul, that somewhere art my very kin,
From dusk and silence unto thee I call!
I know not where thou dwellest, if within
A palace or a hut; if great or small
Thy state and store of fortune; if thou'rt sad
This moment, or most glad;
The lordliest monarch or the lowest thrall."

The man that advertised for a friend was philosophical, if he did somewhat imitate Diogenes and that much-talked-of lantern. Why is it that persons trust to circumstance and to accident the formation of intimate human relations? The connection of two persons in friendship, while it is one of the most important incidents in their lives, most commonly is left completely to chance. No one goes out in the street, or into an assembly, to examine all the characters and deliberately choose this or that man for a friend; in fact, the ordinary man exerts infinitely more pains in the selection of a driving-horse. Oftenest, the choice of a friend is left to mere "accident, blind contact, or strong necessity of loving."

When all is said, the largest round of acquaintances has but a small circumference. However wide any particular circle may happen to be, it is wide relatively to circles that are very narrow. And the majority of all our so-called friends are in reality but "speaking acquaintances." Those most experienced and who have travelled most extensively count their true friends in figures of one column. A person is able to summer and winter with but few people. The result is few friends, as Emerson's explorer's home was but the width of his own shoes. Could not more true and lasting friendships be gained if we endeavored to win them?

So many say that the only men they really *know* are those with whom they went to college. One man writes, if it comes near admitting that "children and fools speak the truth," he would change the Latin maxim, *In vino veritas*, to *In juventute veritas*. If out of perfect knowledge comes the only trust, and if to be sure of a friend we must know him through and through, surely there are never any friends like college friends.

No one is bound otherwise than by convention to cling to the boundaries of his village or any particular "set." Geographical limitations should not shut out the rest of the world. Did

you ever hear of persons seeking out friends for their friends? Excepting, of course, doting mothers with spinster daughters. You know and cherish two friends at a distance from each other, if those two might become acquainted very likely a strong friendship would result. Speaking of the possibilities of such a union a writer says that thereby those half-souls Plato tells about might find their other half. Or, what is more encouraging, the quarter-souls might find the other three quarters. As it is, the usual human being requires more than three beside himself, and then complains of unsatisfactory companionship.

Who has not at times regretted that he *knew* so few persons? Or who has not wondered at the accepted way in which chance always determines the closest friendships? A real imaginative man is not sure but that some person sitting down at a dinner table in London, or putting on his gloves in Berlin, or walking through the Commons in Boston, is more akin to him and more fitted in every way to be a friend dearer than anyone chance has yet thrown in his way. All have seen strange faces in a crowd that are familiar from some nearly forgotten dream; when these countenances are lost to sight, they and the suggested dream have gone out of mind forever. At the time we first take a hand, as likely as can be, another hand brushes by at no greater distance on the other side. And the *one* alone necessary and most suited for us will never be met with again.

What if there is some man in another state that is your exact counterpart, there are no magic telephones threading the distance between you two. If there were, no doubt the illusion would at once be broken by that unmelodious "hello." Letters can not show forth the hidden mysteries of the heart or the deepest places of the mind. "Nothing short of living some segment of life together can make two men into friends." Most persons complain that Fate is trying, and great possibilities principally end with their own contemplation. For all that, there are very few that do not conceal in their minds a vague belief of communion *sometime* with those same possibilities; for to them they mean true companions.

THE old proverb says: "One half the world does not know what the other half is doing." Some witty person has added: "Neither does the other half."

One Use of Mythology.

THOMAS J. DILLON, 1900.

Almost everybody has heard the phrase "History repeats itself." A review of ancient history will show clearly to some that Cæsar and Napoleon were both repetitions of Alexander, and so on, until one is led to believe that events and men are units in a species of a wheel of fortune that turns around at intervals.

This idea was made very vivid to me the other day. I had just finished reading the morning papers, and was debating in my mind what to do next, when, looking down at the paper, I saw an advertisement that offered a corrugated wash-board for forty-nine cents, and the name printed on the cut of this wash-board was Naiad.

Here, I thought, is history repeating itself in a manner exceedingly strange. I am very willing to admit that the washboard is an extremely useful article, an indispensable article. I am even willing to admit that it was a potent factor in bringing about our wonderful civilization; I agree that cleanliness is next to godliness, but I have very strong objections to having a washboard called a Naiad. Some progressive manufacturer that went to school once remembered that the Naiads were connected in some way with water, just how, when or where, it made no difference. Naiads frequented water and so do washboards, therefore, there must be some connection between them. There is certainly a remarkable likeness between the clear, limpid streams where the Naiads sported and the solution usually found in the washtub. Just think of a big vulgar woman putting a layer of soap on a red flannel shirt, that has seen service in a boiler-shop, and rasping it up and down on a Naiad. Just think of a Naiad immersed in the slate-colored water of a washtub! "I'd rather be a pagan suckled in a creed outworn."

I've seen sledge-hammers named *Hercules*, and restrained my wrath because there is an idea of strength and vigor in a sledge-hammer that causes the title to come within the remote bounds of appropriateness. I have seen monkey-wrenches called *Ajax*, and never for a moment flinched; but when I see a wash-board called a Naiad I feel like taking that washboard's sponser, and rubbing him up and down on the corrugated zinc until he is as thin as a sheet of shaving paper.

The Circus.

LEO J. HEISER, 1902.

The town of Barnyard was awake, for a circus was coming to that place, so ran the report. Barnyard was a small town, or more rightly a village, with a hundred or less of inhabitants. It was called an "all around town," because it contained all nationalities, and these were accompanied by all kinds of funny names. The town itself bore a peculiar name.

The circus arrived early in the morning, and all Barnyard turned out. Young and old, big and small, all were bound to see the circus. All the stores in Barnyard were closed save the water fountains. It was going to be a warm day, and nothing is better on a hot day than a drink of cold water.

The last to turn out were four old men—Mr. Calf, Mr. Duck, Mr. Frog, and Mr Skunk. Queer names, but that is a trait of Barnyard. These four men had been friends for a long time, save now and then when they had a falling out with Mr. Skunk, who persisted in making life miserable for his fellow-beings.

The four tramped merrily on enjoying life in busy Barnyard. Suddenly, Mr. Frog called a halt.

"Are we all provided with the necessary means," asked that gentleman, who was well known for his display of money, "wherewith to procure our seats?"

"Surely I can buy mine, responded Mr. Calf "for I've four quarters."

"And I," said Mr. Frog, poking Mr. Calf between the fourth and fifth ribs, "I've got a green-back."

"If you can go I can go," said Mr. Duck "I've got a bill."

"Poor me," sighed Mr. Skunk, who was well known for his pecuniary embarrassment, "I've got only a cent."

"Yes," put in Mr. Duck, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice, "and your scent is a bad one. You—"

My dog, Circus, whom I had just received from Newfoundland, bounded into the barnyard. Away scampered a big yellow calf; a green bull-frog dived with a splash into a muddy pond; a duck escaped with a good deal of "quacking," and I rushed into the house to protect my nasal organs. Although the circus was not what was expected, it made a lasting impression.

The Weasels.

DANIEL E. O'SHEA.

"Ha! ha! ha! Wait until I catch that chap," remarked John Smith, "I will teach him a lesson." It seems the weasels had killed several of his chickens the night before, and John was then loading his gun, determined to kill the thief that night.

Upon being questioned concerning the cause of his excitement, he entered into a lengthy discussion of the trouble he had in fattening the chickens; he was about to sell them the following week to buy his wife a new dress for Easter; but now Mandy would have to wear the same dress she had worn for the past two years. I tried to console his troubled mind, and offered to come over and assist in the extermination of the nuisance.

As agreed, I took my gun over about eight o'clock, and John and I took up our positions within the coop, opposite the weasel's hole, with our eyes intently fixed toward it. After watching about an hour we saw two balls of fire come to the edge of the hole and stop there, as if they were watching us; each of us aimed at the mark quickly and fired. We walked over to the hole. John struck a match and there lay the weasel dead.

"There now, I said I would teach you a lesson when I got you. You won't kill my fat chickens any more," muttered John, as he stamped upon the dead animal. "But maybe there are some more of your thieving tribe around."

I suggested that we reload our guns and wait. He acted upon my suggestion, and we had waited about another hour when we heard a wagon stop in front of John's barnyard. We had not very long to wait before we heard low voices outside the coop. We quickly stepped back against the wall, when in walked three men each having a bag.

The chickens true to nature gave the signal, as they always do when anything enters their coop after roosting time. This signal directed the men which way to go, and it was not necessary for them to light a match. They walked over to the roost and quickly bagged the chickens, commenting how surprised the "old man" would be in the morning when he found his chickens gone; how confiding he was in the honesty of man that he did not keep a dog, or even have a lock on his coop.

Having filled their bags they turned to come out. John and I stepped before the door, our guns raised, and called for them to halt or we would shoot; they halted and dropped the bags. John remarked that this was a good night for catching weasels. We then bade them advance to the door so that we might see who they were. John then ordered them to place the chickens back on the roost, and told them if they would pay him fifty cents for each of the chickens they had bagged he would not prosecute them. They readily assented, and left their watches in pledge. The next morning they called upon John and redeemed their watches. John never mentioned the incident to anyone. But all the neighbors noticed the stylish dress Mandy Smith wore that Easter.

A Case of Stinginess.

PETER B. LENNON.

I have heard a great many stories about stingy men, but the worst case of stinginess that I know of for certain was exhibited by a wealthy banker in one of Michigan's most flourishing cities.

Mr. Banker lives just outside of the city limits, about two miles from the business portion of the city. Some mean people say that he chose that spot for his place of residence simply to get out of paying city taxes.

One day last summer Mrs. Banker forgot to tell her husband to bring some bread from the bakery for dinner. She was entirely out of bread, and could not bake any in time for dinner. There was a poor widow with one little daughter living across the way. Mrs. Banker stepped across the road, and asked the little girl if she would go down town and tell Mr. Banker to bring some bread with him when he came home for dinner. She added that she had no change, but she said Mr. Banker would give the child ten cents for the errand. The child was overjoyed at the thought of earning a little money for herself, and it was not many minutes before she was well on her way to the city. She had gone over half the distance from her home to the bank when she met Mr. Banker on his way home. She spoke to him and told him that Mrs. Banker said he would give her ten cents for the errand. Banker spoke up: "I can not give you ten; here's five. You came only half way, remember."

Frank's Mistake.

PHILIP B. O'NEILL.

Frank Warrander is a friend of mine living in the country, and although I shouldn't give him away, this joke is too good to keep. It happened several years ago when bicycles were beginning to appear, and is only one of the many queer things that attended the ushering in of this new steed. Frank and I were coming home from a small town where we had attended a picnic. It was dusk, and the air being pleasant, we let the horse settle down to a slow walk. We were deeply interested in an argument concerning the relative merits of two young ladies whom we had met during the day when we heard a snappy ding, ding, ding. I knew that it was a wheelman, and pulled to one side and gave him the road. He passed quickly, and my astonished companion asked:

"What on earth is that?"

"That!" I replied; "have you never seen a bicycle?" Then I told him all it could do, and he accepted everything but that it could beat the horse. He seemed hurt at this, and wanted to race after the rider; but I was driving and was in no such mood. At last we reached the city, and were at the corner of A and Ohio Streets, when a coarse ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling struck our ears. I thought it to be a bicycle, but on looking around found that it wasn't. Frank turned his head, and then grabbed the reins and shouted:

"Whip up, whip up! there's another one; don't let it beat us!"

Frank had seen a scissors-grinder working away at the pedals of his machine, and in the dark had taken it for another bicycle.

Foiled.

WILLIAM P. GLASHEEN.

It was such a night as a person in trouble would want. There was a new moon; and a soft breeze was blowing on my fevered brow, yet I was in such a state of nervousness that I did not mind the darkness of the night or the mellow breeze.

I was thinking how I could summon enough courage to ask Bunker Nelson for the hand of his daughter. I had formed a dozen different

pleadings, a dozen different ways of keeping him from putting me off, when something occurred which caused me to lose all interest in the matter.

I am not noted for bravery, and have, when going through dark places or shady groves, a tendency to keep looking over my shoulder. I was passing a large house surrounded by evergreens and pines; when I heard what I thought was a smothered cry and then a faint struggle. I stopped, not because I wanted to investigate or help anyone in distress in such a place of inky darkness, but because my knees commenced rapidly to come together in fear and trembling.

Everything was quiet again, and my self-composure came back to me. I was feeling more comfortable, and had begun again to meditate on my own love affair, when that same struggling sound, that same smothered cry, such as a gagged person makes when trying to break his bonds, reached my ears. Gaining a little courage I started to the rescue feeling that I might be of some assistance. Just then I heard a different sound—a faint report, an echo of lips that had touched. I continued my walk and meditated again on my own love affair.

April Anemones.

JAMES J. TRAHEY, '99.

Patience is no small gift. It converts the mulberry tree into satin.

No wonder that man is ever repeating himself like a clock, since the future is only the past entered by another door.

In the physical order of things, the keynote of pictorial art is the "vantage point of light,"—that point where the light is brightest. In the moral order, the keynote is the impression, sensual or spiritual, left on a healthy mind.

A strange paradox: Shakspere's best dramas have many literary oases, but no deserts.

Purity is a delicate lily which withers away and dies when the burning rays of passion are focussed upon it.

Real poetry is as spontaneous as the beating of an infant's heart—as pure and simple.

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F. X. MCCOLLUM,
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—It is a pleasure for us to announce that Dr. Henry Austen Adams is booked for a lecture in Washington Hall next Monday.

—Bimonthly competitions will be held on Wednesday and Saturday. It is worth while for all students to give their serious attention to these, for they may prove of great importance when your average is figured up at the end of the year.

—On Tuesday last at the episcopal residence in Columbus, Ohio, occurred the death of Right Reverend John Watterson. In his death Notre Dame shares a great loss, for the bishop was always a warm friend of all at the University. We wish to raise our voices with all that mourn the passing away of a good churchman and noble citizen, and to let our prayer be that the deceased may enjoy the reward promised to all that devote their lives to the great cause to which his earthly days were given.

—To-day's baseball game starts the longest schedule and, we trust, the most successful one that was ever played by any team representing Notre Dame. Perhaps the men that cross bats

with us this evening on Brownson campus will be the hardest nine we will have to fight during the whole season. Everyone should be out with a megaphone or a good pair of lungs to shout our men on to victory, for victory to-day means the initial step towards securing the championship of 1899.

—Professor Greene is not going to permit his men to be behind the times as far as any new inventions or discoveries in the scientific world go. He has had them working all this week at the Marconi wireless telegraphy. So far as we can learn they have been more successful in operating here thus far than others have been in any other institution in America.

When Mr. Greene first started to work at it they used it to send signals from the physics laboratory in Science Hall to other adjoining rooms in the same building. Finding that everything worked nicely here they prepared for a better trial the next day, and signals were sent across the campus from Science Hall to Sorin Hall, a distance of nearly one hundred and seventy-five yards. After this signals were sent about double that distance to the presbytery and other buildings around the grounds.

On Wednesday they took a small battery, induction coil and a key down to the flag pole. A small ball was hoisted to the top of the pole with a wire attached to it and running down to the induction coil. At the Novitiate across the lake, a distance of nearly three-quarters of a mile, they placed a receiving apparatus whose essential parts are a coherer and a sensitive relay. They found that everything worked perfectly well here, and so they set about their last and greatest trial. This was to send a message from Notre Dame to St. Mary's Academy which is more than a mile away from the University. It took two or three hours to get everything ready, and everyone at the school was anxiously waiting for the trial to be made. When everything was finished and the operator pressed the key and sent a signal, a reply came back from the Academy saying that it had been received all right. This is the farthest distance a message has been sent in this country as far as we know, and the boys in the scientific department feel highly elated over their success. Professor Greene is preparing a new apparatus, and will make further experiments in the near future.

Books and Magazines.

—The SCHOLASTIC hopes soon to give a critique of Father A. B. O'Neill's latest book. Father O'Neill was a professor at Notre Dame for a long time and wrote many things for the *Ave Maria* that were read with much interest.

—A very interesting publication that comes to us is the *Deaf Mute's Friend* from St. John's Institute. There are many clever little stories in it, many valuable quotations from standard authors, and much well-written, original verse. The greater part of the work is done in a light vein, and seems intended mostly for children. There are many illustrations in the book showing scenes in the class-rooms and on the playgrounds, so that one may get a fair idea of how these unfortunate children, that neither speak nor hear, spend their recreation hours.

—We are in receipt of the *Borgess Hospital Annual* from Kalamazoo, Michigan. On the front page we find a large half-tone portrait of Bishop Borgess, late of Detroit, founder of the hospital that bears his name. The "History" of the hospital, as it is given in the *Annual*, would be a very good thing for those persons to read that have been overzealous in praising the Red Cross society and completely overlooking the work done by the Sisters in Catholic hospitals all through the land. At the time when this hospital was founded at Kalamazoo, there was no place where the sick and wounded could be taken care of except in the county jail. The *Annual* is replete with half-tone illustrations of different apartments in the hospital. It also contains the names of those that have aided materially in carrying on the good work that is being done there.

Two Dollars.

ANDREW J. SAMMON.

Neither the big folks nor the old folks of the family returned from Patsy Foley's wedding that cold winter's night, and besides myself, the only person in our house the next morning was my sister, fifteen, and a girl visitor of the same age. I never liked my sister's city visitor, because she laughed too much and her hair was not the right color. Besides, if she was not there I knew my sister would get up to start the fire, for she was two years older than I was, and she had a right to do so. The

thermometer had been at 35° below zero for nearly a week, and it was, as I remember, about the first week after the holidays.

I put fresh pine on the smouldering coals in the fireplace and shivered over the bright blaze for a few moments making white clouds in the frosty air with my breath. Then I summoned up enough courage to go out for a pail of water. The wooden pump was taken from the well before Christmas, and in its stead we used a crook made from a young iron-wood tree with a foot of the bottom limb left intact to raise the water bucket. A crook surpassed the pump in cold weather, because its machinery never froze.

Our well was thirty feet deep with four feet of water covered in by a circular piece of ice. The round hole cut in the centre of the ice was generally frozen in the morning. It might be broken with the big end of the crook, but it was often necessary to climb down and use an ax. The drippings of water from buckets had formed a slippery mound near the opening, and the walls within were incrusted with ice.

Wrapped up in a woollen muffler, I ran down the incline leading to the well, shuddering at the thought of climbing down, should the well be frozen solid. I slid the crook through my large leather mittens into the well with a sudden thud. As suddenly I dropped it, and was sprawling on the ice, merely saving myself from following the crook. The well was not frozen.

Though I knew nothing about electricity I received a shock that brought water to my eyes and made my hair feel tight at the roots. The drop of the crook brought forth an unearthly groan from the bottom. It seemed like the snort of some ferocious wild beast, and re-echoed as if some one shouted through an empty rain barrel.

The belief that real ghosts do not stay out till daylight gave me some courage, and I crawled on hands and knees to peep into the well. Through a sort of foggy mist I saw something at the bottom covered with white frosty whiskers moving round, partly on the ice and partly in the water. It was one of our hungry pigs in search of an early breakfast. He became too familiar with the slippery mouth of the well, and was taking a morning foot-bath. The end of the crook had pinched his left ear and caused the double disturbance.

He was not what we call an "American porker," nor a "fat hog," but a genuine old-style pig. One of the razor-backed, racer kind,

very bony and measuring about six feet from snout to tail. He was evidently suffering much mental and physical agony.

What could I do! The water was not fit for breakfast; but the pig? I knew he did not mean to spoil our breakfast in looking for his own, but the unpleasant situation for both of us! Looking at my legs and the width of the well I saw I could never climb down. The only ladder on the farm was at a haystack a quarter of a mile away. In summer two men used to carry this ladder from stack to stack. Now I alone had to carry it through three feet of snow, though I was slightly over four feet in height. It is still a mystery to me how I did that feat. I believe I could not do it now.

My sister and her friend helped matters considerably by ejaculating: "This is terrible! too bad! ain't it awful! the poor pig!" An ignorant, year-old pig is not a gentle animal on ordinary occasions, nor did this one seem to like my familiarity when I passed my arm through the ice-water around his waist. I looped a rope round his hard white body behind the forelegs and returned to earth. A tug of war followed. The two girls and I had the best of matters until the top of the well was reached. Here Mr. Pig refused to assist himself in any way. We tried to reason with him so as to raise his head and pull him through the hole, but he only tried to jump more and squeal louder. My sister prayed, I cried, and that visitor—Heaven forgive her!—laughed heartily.

While the girls snubbed the rope across their knees in tug-of-war fashion, balancing the pig on the other end of it a few feet below the mouth of the well, I chopped away some ice and boards from the opening. At this point I heard something drop on the ice and slip into the well. I was too busy and anxious just then to heed what it was, so long as they hung on to the pig.

We finally landed our noisy victim, and, without any sign of gratitude, he scampered off to the barn, trailing a paralized hind part. This fact foretold a certain scarcity in salt pork during the next harvest season that my mother regretted very much, but it did not worry me at all. I thought only of that "two dollar Waterbury." It was my first Christmas present, and I lent it to my sister to wear—just for a few days. Of course, she had to give everything to her friend. I never saw the watch since, nor have I ever forgiven my sister's visitor for wearing it on such an occasion.

Baseball.

After long weeks of training, the baseball players make their appearance on the diamond to-day for the first collegiate game. The strong nine from the University of Michigan is here to do their best to take our boys into camp this afternoon. Notwithstanding the fact that we have had great facilities for training this season, our men have been kept from getting into good shape by many unfortunate mishaps. Aside from two or three broken fingers and split hands, there was one man with a broken collar-bone and another with a large carbuncle on the back of his neck. These mishaps, coming within the last ten days have not left our men in a very good way to practise. Nevertheless, the men are all players, and though they have not had the amount of training intended for them under different circumstances they will play ball to-day in such a manner that they ought to pull victory away from the Wolverines. Gibson is not in condition to do himself justice in the box, but the men behind him should give him almost errorless support.

The Michigan men are coming with two weeks of steady playing behind them, and it is likely that they will be in fine shape. If they are forced to leave the victory behind them, they will do so by a small margin.

The season schedule, three games of which have already been played, is as follows:

April 13.....	South Bend at Notre Dame
" 16.....	South Bend at Notre Dame
" 20.....	South Bend at Notre Dame
" 22.....	University of Michigan at Notre Dame
" 24—Ft. Wayne Interstate League	at Notre Dame
" 25—Ft. Wayne Interstate League	at Springbrook
" 26—Ft. Wayne Interstate League	at Notre Dame
" 27—Ft. Wayne Interstate League	at Notre Dame
" 28.....	University of Wisconsin at Notre Dame
" 30.....	Reserves at Notre Dame
May 4.....	Purdue University at Lafayette
" 5.....	DePauw University at Greencastle
" 6.....	Indiana University at Bloomington
" 11.....	Illinois University at Notre Dame
" 14.....	Reserves at Notre Dame
" 15.....	Hamilton Club at Notre Dame
" 20.....	Chicago University at Chicago
" 22.....	Nebraska University at Notre Dame
" 25.....	Reserves at Notre Dame
" 26.....	Oberlin at Notre Dame
" 30.....	South Bend at Springbrook
June 1.....	Reserves at Notre Dame
" 3.....	Northwestern (probably) at Notre Dame
" 4.....	Reserves at Notre Dame
" 9.....	Kalamazoo College at Kalamazoo
" 10.....	University of Michigan at Ann Arbor
" 14—Syracuse University (probably)	at Notre Dame.

Exchanges.

Harvard will pension all of her professors that have served twenty years and are over sixty years of age. This is most commendable. A professor that has served twenty years and has reached the age of sixty certainly deserves a pension.

**

The editorial board of the *Polytechnic* from Rensselaer Institute make their farewell bow in the April number and retire from the management of the paper. These gentlemen may feel well satisfied with their work during the past year, for under their guidance the *Polytechnic* has been a well-edited and interesting paper. The articles on technical subjects appearing throughout the year have not been too technical to be intelligible even to persons as little familiar with technology as ourselves, and the literary contributions have been well written, and would seem to indicate that a knowledge of things mechanical does not preclude very fair skill in English composition.

**

Many of the other technical schools as well as the Troy institute have very creditable publications. When one considers that at these schools the major part of the work is along lines far removed from literature, the literary work done for these publications is surprisingly good. The average person that is making any but an academic course is apt to feel that writing is not in his line and to look upon writing as a waste of time. As a matter of fact, ability to write very often can be more easily put to use by the technical man than by the student of the humanities, for the very reason that the former has knowledge that is technical. A man that knows how to write and in addition is familiar with the theory of air-ship construction or wireless telegraphy should be able to sell contributions to the Sunday papers if nothing more. But from what I hear from some of my literary friends a man that can write but who has no knowledge of air-ships can not always do this. One of the secrets of success at writing lies in having something to say. The technical man has something to say; something that any poor grind has not. If he adds to this the ability to say or write his something well he has a double advantage over the ordinary grind. Technical knowledge plus ability to write is worth more than either taken separately.

Personal.

—Mrs. Hart of Muncie, Indiana, is visiting her son of St. Edward's Hall.

—Miss Kathryn Boos of Huntington, Ind., was a visitor at the University last week.

—Mrs. A. R. Beck and daughter of Chicago called at the University during the past week.

—Mrs. John O'Brien of Stillwater, Minn., was the recent guest of her son of Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Fred A. Nash of Omaha was the recent guest of his brother, Mr. Louis C. Nash, of Sorin Hall.

—Miss Mae Tillotson of Chicago was the guest for a few days of her brother of Carroll Hall.

—Mrs. H. H. Young and daughter of Glen-carlyn, Virginia, were recent visitors at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. C. F. McDonald of St. Cloud, Minn., spent a few days of the past week with her son of Carroll Hall.

—Doctor Garrett of Watervliet, Michigan, is spending a few days at Notre Dame as the guest of Professor Carmody.

—Miss Taylor of St. Louis was at Notre Dame for a few days last week visiting her nephew of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. A. Y. Luken of Richmond, Ind., accompanied by his daughter, were the recent guests of Mr. Luken of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. James Furlong of Springfield, Ill., spent a few days of last week at Notre Dame visiting their son of Carroll Hall.

—Mr. J. Crowley of Chicago was at Notre Dame recently visiting his son of Carroll Hall. He was accompanied by Mr. Otto Hanseman.

—Rev. Thomas Ewing Sherman, S. J., of Chicago was a recent visitor at Notre Dame. Father Sherman returned only a short time ago from Porto Rico where he served throughout the war as chaplain in the army, thus following, as far as his calling would permit, in the footsteps of his distinguished father. Father Sherman was delighted with the army life; he was pleased with Porto Rico, and is sure that under American influence the island has bright prospects for the future.

—Rev. Morgan Sheedy of Altoona, Pa., made a brief visit at the University on Tuesday last; he was accompanied by the Rev. Father Shannon, Assistant Rector of Saint James' Church, Chicago.

We also were honored by a visit from the Rev. H. A. Constantinian, D. D., President of the University of Ottawa, Canada. With Dr. Constantinian was the Rev. Father Murray, Rector of St. Bernard's Church, Chicago. All these gentlemen are prominent in educational work, and they took an active part in the recent conference in Chicago.

Local Items.

—Michigan may send a good crowd of "rooters" down to see to-day's game.

—The Glee Club is at work rehearsing choruses for the Greek play next month.

—FOUND.—A brier pipe with amber stem. Apply to Brother director, Minim department.

—The preliminaries in the Oratorical Contest will undoubtedly occur some night during the coming week.

—Do not fail to see Teddy's new "lid." It is the only one of its kind, because the manufacturers dropped dead as soon as they saw it.

—Claire has been studying facial expression. He has broken many mirrors in these experiments, but now has one of flint glass, the resistance of which is very great.

—The funny man started to tell about a horse that went on a bridle tour and got bit, but a blind friend came along in the re(a)in, put a line on him and checked him.

—In the trial heats last Thursday, Corcoran carried away the honors of the day by winning first place in all the short dashes. O'Shaughnessy won the four hundred and forty yard run.

—If you consult the schedule in another column of this edition you will see that to-day's victory will be the first in a long series. We will sweep the board of everything that comes before us this spring.

—The Minim Specials defeated the ex-Minims by a score of 17 to 9 last Sunday. In the preceding game when the Minims were defeated they had four men that did not belong to the regular *specials*.

—Why doesn't some one in Sorin Hall organize a baseball team that can go over and beat the undefeated nine of Carroll Hall? Get your old football men together, Jamie, and go over there and bring back a scalp.

—We will miss the old familiar voice that used to say: "Steady up, boys, one man gone." The "big coon" is looking out through the bars of his mask down in Louisville, and "little nigger" is the only one of our star battery with us this year.

—SYLLOGISM.—Major: Michigan has a warm baseball team.

Minor: Notre Dame has a warmer baseball team. In all direct sequence, dear reader, the conclusion, as you may have inferred, is: The Michigan-Notre Dame game to-day will be a *hot one*.

—We have noticed with much concern Ralph Wilson's actions behind his desk lid. He will peer around carefully and then become deeply absorbed in something which looks suspiciously like a letter. The other night in bed he repeated a long passage, very tender, and it bore a striking resemblance to the balcony

scene in Romeo and Juliet. Ralph received a letter that morning, and this accounts for all.

—The Athletic Association asked the Crayon Club to present a drawing to St. Mary's Art Department. M. J. Cooney was selected to do the drawing which will be completed in a few days. After the regular meeting next Thursday the club will take an out-door sketching trip. The class has greatly increased the past week. Any others wishing to join should take the trip next Thursday and get the rudimentary principles of sketching.

—Mr. Yocke has a new outfit that is the "warmest" in the whole University. The hat is made of red, yellow and brown cheese-cloth, with a ventilator in the top. The golf trousers are a pair of Bob Franey's old "hand-me-downs" with three or four inches cut off the legs. A gunny sack coat over a pale drab-colored sweater, made in the form of a shirt, completes the costume. The collar is tight, and Edward fears to open his mouth lest the button may be broken.

—The Chicago *Tribune* took Prof. Greene to Chicago to-day to make a trial of wireless telegraphy in the great windy city. Mr. Greene left this morning at 5:28, taking Mr. Kachur with him for an assistant. Should the Professor's experiments in Chicago be as successful as those he conducted here it will be a great honor to Notre Dame. Just at present his success has attracted the attention of the whole country, and the SCHOLASTIC hopes he will continue to hold the first place.

—Van Hee captured a mouse last evening by some strategy. It is rumored that he made a key to fit the entrance to the mouse's nest. Now this mouse has caused much ado among the votaries of science. Van put the said mouse into a glass jar. He fastened the jar to the terminals of a battery and closed the circuit. "Now it is all over," said Van, and put his hand in the jar to remove his victim. But the mouse was very much alive and bit Van on the ring finger. The question that is bothering the scientists is, why 500 volts did not kill the mouse?

—During the few innings that they were against the Varsity last Tuesday the Reserves showed up in fine form. Kelly gave our heavy batters a hard task to locate his curves, and the result was that they were shut out during the first three innings. McNichols behind the bat and Dillon on second base played very well. The Reserve team of '99 will be stronger by far than the Varsity of a few years ago. Mr. Thomas J. Dillon, their manager, is arranging a schedule for them, and expects to play a large number of outside teams. The first game will be to-morrow against the Falcons from South Bend.

—The music-loving public will be pleased to learn that the managers of the Sorin Hall Summer Garden have engaged the Kaiser's

famous *Squirt Band* for a series of lawn concerts to be given during the coming months. The band, under the leadership of Herr Rondo Sonata Funk needs no introduction, as they have already distinguished themselves at one of the *Squirt* recitals.

The first concert will be given April 27. The programme is as follows:

March—"Smooth Rider".....Asphelt
Overture—"Porridge pot-pourri".....J. Onkey
Aria from "Mikado".....Dimen Shion
Waltzes—"O Johnny, get up!".....Shawn Essay
Quick Step—"Wau Keechaw".....G. Rady
Descriptive—"Tammany's Early Game".....T. A. Ler
Synopsis: Runt wacking the Tammanies: (That's as far as they got. So with us.)

—The Interstate League baseball team from Fort Wayne, Indiana, will be here next week to play a series of four practice games with our Varsity. This should prove to be the best thing for our boys that they have ever had. Old professional players can give them many points about the game that could never be learned by a system of coaching. There will be no theorizing about it. Each day the fellows will play a game, and whatever theories are given them will be put into practice at once, so that the most beneficial results may be obtained. We have been trying for a long time to secure some team to practice with at the outset of the season, and now that we have succeeded in getting a good one, there should be no hitch in next week's proceedings. On Tuesday afternoon the game will be at Springbrook Park in South Bend so that our team may have the benefit of playing on strange grounds before we start on our Indiana trip.

—Sir Francis D. Kette, at one time a musician of great renown, and Mr. Josephus Hay Lee made a trip to Niles last Thursday on their bicycles. After going to the hotel and registering their names for a drink of water, they proceeded to ride about the town. A whole bevy of Niles' fairest representatives were following them until they came to a music store. Sir Francis sat down before a Jew's harp and played Mendelssohn's "Seventh Concerto" in rag time, while Josephus stood in the door looking down the alley-way, and sang "They're after Me." Sir Francis would not stand for that, so he started to sing "Only Me." A fire engine and a patrol wagon scattered the people from the front of the store, and the music dealer was found dead behind one of the pianos. D. Kette claims it was all on account of Hay Lee's golf stockings, but as the coroner's inquest is not finished yet it is hard to tell whether the music man died of agony, fright or because he simply disexisted.

—Baseball is played at Notre Dame with a vengeance this season. It is a dull recreation day when there are not eight or ten games at least. Last Thursday the Carroll Hall team defeated the St. Joseph Hall team by the decisive score of 21-1. The Carrolls have a

clean record so far, having defeated a team from Sorin Hall twice and a South Bend team once during the past week. Taylor's Tammany Hall aggregation went out last Thursday morning. Taylor was the only outfielder on the team, and he had enough exercise during the game to last him all year. With his tongue hanging out over his chin, shirt open at the neck and great chunks of perspiration rolling from his nicely rounded features, he bounded over stone piles, fences, trees and everything around the campus, chasing after long drives made by the opposing team. There is a zero in the put-out column after his name, but nevertheless he "shagged" after more balls than all the other fellows put together. Next Sunday morning his men will cross bats with the Law team. He expects to have another man in the field with him.

—On Sunday the South Bend team came to the University for the second game with the Varsity. The grounds were in poor shape, and the men on both teams had no chance to do good work. Many errors were made on both sides. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the score was very reasonable, our boys winning by 14 to 10. Mulcare for the locals and McCormack for the visitors were the opposing pitchers, neither one of them having the better of it after the first inning in which McCormack fared poorly. The Varsity men had their batting suits on during that inning and rapped out six hits. The visitors hit well during the fifth and seventh innings and piled up five runs. On Thursday afternoon the same teams lined up on Brownson campus for another game. Gibson made his first appearance of the season with the Varsity and held the opponents down well. Holland did the twirling during the last two innings. Gaffney and Bailey pitched for South Bend. The grounds were in much better shape than they were Sunday, and this afforded the players greater chances for good playing. Only two errors were made by the Varsity. Our boys won by a score of 9 to 4.

—A few days ago a meeting was held, and after an excellent address by Van Hee, followed by one in Bohemian and French by Kafton and Schaefer, respectfully, the Farmer baseball team began to exist. The candidates for the team have not as yet shown up for practice as a body, but the rivalry for positions is very great. F. Bouza and "Lobstah" are working hard for the catching position with the odds slightly in favor of each. Bouza caught tramps in the wheat fields in Dakota, and "Lobstah's" reputation rests upon his "catching on" abilities. Tradition has it that as a "ketcher" he was famous on Broadway. Kafton wants to pitch, but Donovan can not see it that way. Kafton is an excellent pitcher, having carried water from his father's well, and Donovan pitched hay in the Dakotas. "Cy"

Shermans will play first base, if the gods do not intervene. "Cy" has been in practising for a number of years—during the summer he used to catch fowls on the farm for the hired girl. Claire, Tudor and Devoe will help complete the stone-wall infield—we say stone-wall because they are as firm as stones; not even a bee in their shoe would cause them to move faster than a walk. Claire is a dark horse, and has kept decidedly dark since he played professional ball with Adams. Tudor and Devoe have played before—Tudor on an accordion and Devoe on the organ. The outfield for this team is going to be one of the speediest in the college. Murphy is a fly catcher unique in his line. His fielding average runs up to 800 per centum. When he was home with a piece of mucilaged paper for a glove, he was accustomed to run from room to room catching fly after fly. The other two fielders, Adams and Hennebry, are not as fast as Murphy, but they are very good batters. Adams is a swimmer, and Hennebry—well he is an all-around man, but very good with "battle-ax." The first game will be played with the Lady Fingers. If "Lobstah" fails to make the Farmers he will captain the Lady Fingers, but Murphy is a very ambitious fellow. Reuss, Darst and Holmes will form the nucleus of this team. Barry will guard the Bats for the Farmers; Linus O'Malley will lead the rooters, and Baldwin and O'Reilly will entertain all stray Sororites. Games will be played with the "Hashes," Dudes and Sorinates.

—A SCHOLASTIC reporter called on some of the great men at the University, and asked for their opinions on the Marconi system of telegraphy. When you have read the following comments by distinguished gentlemen you will be thoroughly convinced that wireless telegraphing is going to be a very handy thing. Out of some five hundred men that were interviewed we give the opinions of the following:

Herr Von Poolskamp: "Der wireless telespatch is one lovely thing to have. Dink of it; alretty I don't haf to get myself some more hundred demerits. I can now stay alone mit myself in my room, pull der trigger, and so quick alretty she will hear me. I puts a little brass ball on mine head und she does the same, und then we speaks for one whole hour or a couple all by the moonlight. Ach du lieber, dat is gut!"

Jamie Modest: "Wireless telegraphy will save me a bottle of ink, many postage stamps and a quire of writing paper every week. Instead of scribbling those deuced long letters every night I can sit in my room, press the key, and do the whole thing in a few minutes. This will give me more time to blow the horn, and I will be able to make a musician of myself instead of ruining my hand-writing."

Eddie Ahern: "Too bad it was not discovered before, for then I would never have

been caught. When a fellow leaves the campus now he has simply to make arrangements with some fellow here, take a receiving machine with him, and then when there is any danger the fellow can send him a little message and tell him to watch out. There will be good times coming if this thing is properly developed."

S. J. Brucker: "This wireless telegraphy business is all a fake. If it were any good I would have thought of it long ago."

This is the general spirit all through. There are three in favor of wireless telegraphy to the one against it, so it must be a pretty good thing.

—If you wish to have a good idea of wireless telegraphy, just let any student on the campus explain it to you. When he has finished you will wonder why it is that so brilliant a young man does not die of expansion of the brain. If you ask more than one to explain it to you, you will wonder when the last one has finished, just what Marconi did discover, and you will perhaps conclude that after all there is no very close connection between the planet Mars and an ordinary hen-coop. The editor went out the other day, after he had stirred himself enough to take an interest in the discovery, and found a number of men coming back from where the first experiments were being made. He stopped them, and asked if he might have an interview concerning the new system. "Certainly sir," said the first man, as he put his left foot in his pocket, and began to gesticulate with his nose, "I shall explain it to you in a second or two. You see, the man that sends the message pulls a little dingus that looks like a cork-screw. This sends an electric shock straight up in the air about half a mile or so until it reaches a compact layer of ethereal globules running in a perpendicular, horizontal, vertical direction towards the man that is to receive the message. The sound waves coalesce with a decomposition of molecular, vibratory oscillations of supercalendered, refined atmosphere. The rays of the sun take a hold of them here, and push them along a substratum of electrical waves propagated, as it were, by a corrugated coalescence of motive motion. This carries the message to its destiny without further expense. You see the whole thing is very simple when you look at it from this point of view. I have understood it for a long time, but I did not think it was worth making such a fuss about as some persons are doing now."

After this very lucid explanation the editor understood the simplicity of the whole thing, and thanked the gentleman for his kind information. Since then he has been writing editorials by electricity, and wondering if it would not have been easier for Marconi not to waste his time in looking up so foolish a discovery. Anyhow, it is so simple somebody should have discovered it years ago.